

**SINGING AND AUTUMN.**

From the southland came a songbird,  
Flying in the golden springtime,  
Soaring on the clouds at morning,  
Singing to the sun at noontime,  
Chanting to the stars at even:  
Sang he loud with joy exultant,  
Sang he low for love of God.  
Ah! thou hapless little songbird,  
Where are now thy songs of springtime?  
Where are now thy flights at dawning?  
Thou'rt thou no more at noontime;  
Chantest thou no more at even:  
Hushed and dead thy song exultant,  
Ah! the pathless ways of God!  
—*Wm. J. Duggett, in The Current.*

**MATTIE VAN WYCK'S STORY.**

The fire burned low in the little home of the Van Wyck's; nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the purring of the old gray cat. The night was frosty without, the tall pine trees cast their long shadows across the snow; everything seemed tranquil to Mattie Van Wyck as she looked out of the window, then going back to the stove stirred the scanty fire.

The Van Wycks were very well-to-do a few years back. Mr. Van Wyck having had quite a property left him; but being an easy-going man and not having the ability to make money, his property gradually slipped through his hands; and after selling his farm and paying his debts, left him but little. He decided to go West, and finally drifted up into a Northern town, buying a little home which took nearly all he had. He had worked hard in the pinerias and kept his family supplied from day to day; but from severe exposure, contracted a hard cold and died, leaving his wife and four children to the mercies of a northern winter.

The oldest child, Mattie, was a bright, energetic little girl of 15. She was attending school, but would have to give it up for a while at least, and stay at home to help her mother, who by taking in sewing had kept the wolf from the door ever since her father's death. Mattie had sat up later than usual to do her sums, and now, with her chin resting on her hands, sat looking intently into the fire, wondering what she could do to help along. The problem was a hard one for a slender girl, and she gave it up for the night, and, locking up the house, took her light and trotted off to bed.

The next day was Sunday. After the frugal breakfast, the dishes were washed and the house put to rights. Mrs. Van Wyck got the children ready for Sunday-school, combed their hair, made them look as neatly as possible, all except Johnnie, who was a sturdy little fellow with black eyes and red cheeks. He had played hard and stubbed out his boots, so he would have to stay at home for a while till Providence or Santa Clause sent him some new ones. He made up quite a lip, and a big tear rolled down his cheek as he looked out of the window after his sisters; but "he must to dry his eyes and be a good little boy," his mother said, "for some day he would be a man, and take care of them all."

Johnnie caught the idea at once, climbed down from the window and busied himself helping his mother by bringing in wood, and in various ways; and was very happy. The day passed quietly and pleasantly; the children came home each with a fresh new book.

In the evening, as they were seated around the table reading, Mattie broke the silence by saying:

"Mother, I wish I could write a story. When we were at the library to-day I heard Lucie Foster telling Gertrude Manning that she had an aunt in Boston who wrote stories and made lots of money. Now if I could only do something like that how nice it would be."

"You might try, Mattie," her mother replied; "we never know what we can do till we've tried."

"If I only knew what to write about."

"Write about your home, brother and sisters," Mrs. Van Wyck suggested.

Mattie was quite imbued with the idea, and went and got paper and pencil. If she could only make some money, all herself, buy some new boots for Johnnie, some mittens for Amy; and Christmas would soon be here, and how nice it would be to surprise them all.

She sat down and began. It was not an easy task, but she kept diligently at it all the spare time she had, her mother or being busy at the machine from early morning till late at night.

The close of the term was near at hand, and in three weeks—the holidays, Mattie looked pretty sober; she told her mother she had written about her home, but she thought the story needed a brighter side, and was afraid she would have to give it up. Her mother told her she had a good beginning, and not to worry any way, as she was a great help to her, and as soon as she could, would send her to school again. Mattie took her books and trudged to school with a heavy heart. She had planned so many little surprises with the money she would get, that to fail with her story was a bitter disappointment; but she studied hard and had her lessons. One day she noticed an unusual excitement among some of her schoolmates, and overheard one little girl saying to another "that Gracie Thornton was going to give a birthday party the next evening." Mattie thought no more about it, till on her way home a bright thought struck her; she walked more briskly and rushed into the house, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! Gracie Thornton is going to give a party to-morrow evening, and if I could only go." Her mother looked at her in amazement, and said: "Why, Mattie, I don't believe you want to go. Gracie Thornton belongs to a certain little 'set' who are wealthy and dress nicely like herself."

"But I don't mean to go that way. I would like to go and help them some way, help pass refreshments, something like that. Mother, I want to see their elegant house, and then I can put it in my story, to brighten it up. Don't you think you can help me?" pleaded Mattie.

Col. Thornton was a wealthy banker then, had a fine residence and grounds. Mrs. Van Wyck had taken some sev-

ing to do for them, and this is how Mattie thought perhaps, her mother might intercede for her.

The next morning after she had gone to school her mother went over to ask Mrs. Thornton what Mattie could do, telling her that she greatly desired to help in some way. Mrs. Thornton was a kind, motherly woman, loved by all who knew her. She smiled, and told her to send the child over by all means; there might be something she can do, and she could enjoy the music. Mrs. Van Wyck thanked her, and went home feeling too grateful to speak almost, knowing how pleased Mattie would be.

Mattie's wardrobe was very limited. Her mother got out her best dress, a black cashmere that she had worn two winters, mended it in one or two places, then washed and ironed a little muslin apron, and waited to tell her the good news. Mattie clasped her hands with joy when her mother told her, and was so excited she could scarcely eat her dinner.

Evening came at last. Mattie put on her black dress and muslin apron; her mother looked through all her boxes, and found a piece of scarlet ribbon, just what she needed with her pale face, gray eyes, and brown, wavy hair. Mattie pinned it at her throat, and looked very pretty indeed. She kissed her mother, and promising not to stay late, started for the Thornton mansion.

In her eagerness to finish her story she had thought of nothing else; but as she neared the house and saw it brilliantly lighted, and some of the little guests were beginning to arrive, she was seized with fear and trepidation. She passed by two or three parties, but was as unnoticed as if she had been a little autumn leaf rustling along. Once she thought she would turn back, then thinking of her story, if she could be successful now much she would do, drew her shawl closer about her and hurried round to the dining-room door and was admitted.

Mrs. Thornton was helping her daughter receive her guests, so Mattie sat down and waited to be useful. The dining-room door was partially open; she could hear the hum of voices and peals of merry laughter; it seemed like fairyland to her. The little hostess was tastefully attired in a white Swiss dress with natural flowers; there was Gertrude Manning, looking lovely in an embroidered overdress over pink silk, and Maud Leslie in a white tulle with a big sash, and Dot Kennington, a little brunette, in crimson silk resembling a tropical flower; and ever so many more. The boys were in dress suits, with white neckties and pumps; and as they commenced to promenade through the rooms Mattie's cheeks began to burn; she felt very uncomfortable, and wished she was at home with her mother, brother and sisters. Presently Mrs. Thornton came out and greeted her with a smile, and putting her arm around her told her to come into the parlors as they were going to dance the German, and asked her if she wouldn't like to see them and hear the music? She thought she would, very much. Near the door was the musician's stand, they were almost concealed by a bank of ferns, calla lilies and vines. Mattie sat at one end where she could see the merry throng and not be seen, and told Mrs. Thornton she preferred this place to any other. The band was playing one of Strauss' waltzes, and as the dancers glided in and out through the mystic mazes, Mattie sat with her hands clasped thrilled with rapture. The perfume of evening jessamine and tube-roses filled the air; the lights cast a rosy hue over the happy scene; snailax was twined over the lace curtains, and bouquets of roses were in every nook and corner.

After a while there was a stir in the dining-room, and Mattie went out to see what she could do. Mrs. Thornton, noticing her flushed cheeks and anxious manner, told her she could help serve refreshments, if she wished. Mattie rather dreaded meeting her haughty little schoolmates, wondering what they would say; but she was determined in her purpose, and went quietly along. Some of them glanced wonderingly at her, and one or two gave her a suspicious little stare, but the ordeal was soon over; and when the musicians took their seats again, and then there was a general bustling about, and Mattie slipped quietly out and ran home.

The days passed swiftly by, school was out, and the holidays were near at hand, the store windows were full of tempting articles, wax dolls with real hair, dainty work-baskets lined with crimson silk, and some with blue silk, each with a thimble, pair of scissors, and all the equipments for an industrious little girl; and there were sleds and hobby-horses for the boys, and Johnnie had spied in the next window a pair of boots with red tops that he thought would just fit him. Amy had seen some mittens like Kitty Myers', that she coveted; and Madge saw a story book in the book-store window, with a picture of a happy family on the outside, sitting around a table reading by lamp-light. It reminded her of their evenings at home, and she thought it would be a nice book to have.

Mattie's story was completed at last, and one morning, when she was going on an errand for her mother, she tucked it in her pocket, and, stopping on her way, entered the Pioneer office. There were several gentlemen in, discussing the topics of the day. The editor came forward and asked her what she would like. She asked him if he wished something about an "oversupply" when her slender figure and wan face attracted his attention. He took the story, telling her he had not time to read it then, but if she would leave her name he would look it over. She gave her address and left, performed her errand and went home.

Mattie and her mother were very busy, even the younger ones assumed little responsibilities, and all were as busy as bees. Day after day passed till there were only two before Christmas. Mattie had been to the office time and time again, but no word from her story. She had almost given it up, when, one evening about dusk, as she was tak-

ing some sewing home to a lady on Summit avenue, she thought she would try once more. There was no need to give her name, for as soon as her eager face appeared, a large envelope was handed her, and Mattie knew she had received her doom. The stores were beginning to be lighted and people were hurrying to and fro with suspicious-looking bundles; an air of mystery prevailed. No one was more mysterious than Mattie as she made her way through the jostling crowd. She went straight to her room, lighted her candle, and opened her letter; when, what should fall to her feet but two new crisp \$5 bills! Per happiness was unbounded; her plans could all be carried out.

And what a merry Christmas they had. Johnnie scrambled out of bed as soon as he heard the first rooster crow to see what Santa Claus had brought him; when the first thing that caught his eyes was a pair of red-topped boots; "Just like those he saw in the window," he said. And there was a book for Madge, mittens for Amy, a new dress for Mattie, and fancy bags of popcorn and candy for them all. There was no more sleep in the Van Wyck household that morning. Mrs. Van Wyck was putting on her last hose, when she uttered a little scream and they all ran to see what was the matter. When she examined it she found something rolled up in tissue paper which she had supposed was a sly little mouse. Undoing the paper a \$5 bill rolled out; then they all clapped their hands and showed each other their presents.

When dinner time came, their mother said she had a surprise for them. They all sat down to the table. She went into the kitchen and brought in a fine roasted turkey; and they peeped under a snowy napkin, and there was a large frosted cake, with frosted raisins on top. They were a happy family that day, and no one in the whole town was as radiant as Mattie Van Wyck; for she had found out that "Where there's a will there's a way."  
—*Mattie J. Potter, in Chicago Ledger.*

**Silent Pianos.**

Joseffy, the pianist, practices hours daily upon a dumb piano, and Von Bulow carries one with him in his travels to keep up his practice, and Liszt is said to use one assiduously. The object of substituting a silent instrument, which is said to be growing in favor with musicians, is to subordinate the sense of hearing in practice, and to protect the player from the nervous fatigue produced by the use of that sense, at the same time that the senses of sight and touch are employed. A skilled musician said recently that the shanton from practicing upon a piano was greater than most persons imagined. He doubted whether a street-singer was as much exhausted by a day's labor as a man who is obliged to practice all the afternoon. He favored the use of a piano that made no noise. He had heard a physician say that the nervous headaches of young women in musical conservatories were largely due to the strain of practice, and it was often thought that this noise impaired the musical sense. The mute piano makes the performer depend upon his eye and his touch, and enforces more attention to the score, so that he will be able to get a notion of music upon sight reading.

There are some mute pianos in New York and several in Boston. The first one sent to this country came from Weimar, and after the model of this one others were constructed. The mute piano has a full keyboard, and has the appearance of an ordinary piano, but there is neither sounding-board nor strings within the instrument. The keys are weighted with lead, and provided with springs which cause them to quickly go back to their places when touched. The tension may be regulated so as to correspond with the piano to be used for playing the music with sounds. Then the touch need not be varied, and the sounding piano need not be used except to correct errors in the shading of notes. It is further claimed that it is economy to use a mute piano, as an expert will play havoc with a good piano in two or three years' hard practice.

The muscular and nervous strength required in modern exhibition piano playing is surprisingly great. Fellen, of Baltimore, has so worked upon the muscles of his fingers as to be able to surprise the acquaintances with feats of digital strength and nerve. Carreno, with a very small hand can crush the fingers of a strong man without moving her arm. This power comes from long practice, which to the devotee is limited only by endurance, and it is expected that the mute piano will increase practice, and accordingly develop more brilliant and difficult piano playing. The instruments are expensive, but are made only when ordered. A piano manufacturer says that they should not cost over \$25 or \$30, as one can easily be made out of a cast-off instrument.—*New York Sun.*

**Destiny in Warts.**

The fate of nations and men often turn on the merest trifles. It would be indeed curious if the destiny of England and Egypt was to be materially affected by the presence of two warts on the cheek of a Khartoum ship's carpenter. The occurrence of such a contingency seems, however, to be quite within the bounds of possibility. In his address to the Soudanese, Mohammed Ahmed wrote: "Has not God Himself given me the signs of my mission—the two warts on the left cheek which are spoken of in His book?" This cogent reasoning would seem to have had his effect, for the officers of the Khartoum army who joined his standard exhorted their companions to follow their example, declaring the mehd! "is always smiling, and his countenance is beaming as the full moon. On his right cheek is a wart, and other signs which are written in the books of the law." There is, it is true, a grave discrepancy as to the position of the warts; but it might nevertheless have been better for the peace of the world if Mohammed Ahmed had been born without any warts at all.—*London World.*

**FARM AND GARDEN.**

Topics of General Utility to the Householdman.

**How to Grow Grapes.**

Mr. Kramer recently read a paper before the La Crosse Horticultural Society on grape growing. Of the different ways of preparing the ground he said the best way is to make a trench twenty inches deep and lay the soil on the down-hill side (supposing it to be on a slope). Then put wood mold, leaves and small twigs on the bottom of the ditch. Begin another similar trench on the other side, throwing the earth into the first trench, continuing in this manner until the ground is all spaded over alike.

Mark your ground for grape vines in rows eight feet apart each way. Dig the holes for the roots in the fall before the ground freezes, as the soil thrown out will be much better for the new roots after it has been frozen and thawed. Make the holes from fourteen to sixteen inches deep and eighteen inches across. In setting the roots the following spring, see that mellow rich soil is placed next them and packed firmly.

In setting, put one bud just below the surface and one bud above. Early planting is advisable, as it insures better growth.

The above is for heavy soil. For light and sandy soils make holes two feet square, put the best top soil on one side and the lighter soil on the other. Procure enough heavy muck to fill the hole one foot deep. Leave the hole open until spring, then set the roots as above, taking care to put the best soil next the plants.

The first and second years cut down to two buds and keep the soil clean. The third year, if you have two canes, cut one down to two buds and the other to four, five or six, according to the strength of the vine. Also the third year will be the time to set posts or build a trellis to sustain the vines. The best time to prune is in November and December. Then select the shoots according to the fruit buds.

The third year is also the time to trim the roots. Open the soil about the vines, and with a sharp knife cut all the roots within four inches, from the top down, then put the soil back in its place.

In cultivating use a four-tined fork instead of a spade. The spade cuts too many roots, while the fork goes between the roots and loosens the soil; and cultivate at least once every year and keep down the weeds with a hoe.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

**Transferring Bees.**

It is impossible to reap much benefit from bees in common box hives. To be successful in the bee business we must have our bees in movable comb hives. But the question arises, "How can this be done when our bees are in box hives?" Well, I will endeavor to tell you: Procure your movable comb hives, wait until the bees commence to make honey from the early plant bloom; then on some warm day take a hive off the stand, smoke the bees so as to cause them to fill themselves with honey, which they will do in a few minutes, then they will be perfectly peaceable and will not offer to sting. Lay the hive down on the side; remove the top of the hive; blow a few puffs of smoke in one end of the hive, and the bees will come out the other into a box you have prepared for them to enter. When they are all out, take one side of the hive off (and you must be very careful or you will spoil a great deal of comb), cut all the pieces of comb with a case knife, or a honey knife, if you have one. Place the comb in the house so that the bees will not bother you in your work, for you have considerable to do yet and will not care about being bothered with the little fellows. Now you will need a cup of melted beeswax, a pencil brush, and lots of tin clamps to hold the comb in place in the frame. You can fasten small pieces in the frames with wax and the large ones with clamps. After you have the comb all in the frames, place them in the hive, place the hive where the old one used to sit, take up the box of bees and shake them on top of the frames and they will glide down between the combs. When they are out of the way, so you will not smash them, place the cover on and they will go to work immediately.—*Home and Farm.*

**Growing Corn.**

As soon as the condition of the soil and season admit, I prepare the autumn plowing by cultivating or harrowing thoroughly, thus securing a fine and mellow seed bed. I then plant in check rows, with the two-horse planter set to drop three to four grains to the hill. I harrow thoroughly at least once before the corn is up. The after cultivation is done with the two-horse cultivator; one with sixteen shovels preferred. I cultivate deep and close while the corn is small; shallower and farther off as it gets larger. There is no fixed rule as to the number of cultivations corn requires. It is safe to say that it ought to be worked often enough to keep the ground mellow and free from weeds, until the corn is about to tassel, when it should be discontinued. By planting in rows, the cultivation is more complete; the entire soil being stirred, every particle is made to do its work; when drilled, a small strip in every row is allowed to become hard, robbing a portion of the cultivated soil, besides favoring the growth of weeds that can be reached only by the hoe. The soil and locality generally indicate the variety to plant. I prefer seed grown and acclimated in or near the locality where it is to be used. A variety yielding the most sound corn in bushels the average year, and maturing in from 90 to 100 days, is the most profitable. Every farmer has within himself the means of changing his corn to any desired type. By carefully selecting the fittest, he can just as reasonably expect an improvement as the breeder of horses and cattle can expect to improve his stock.—*Letter to Prairie Farmer.*

**General Industrial Miscellany.**

Oats can be profitably grown for threshing, and for the last few years have returned more cash to the acre than wheat. They are too generally grown for horse feed in the cities, but

it will be to the interest of all to raise crops of superior quality for milling purposes. There are quite a number of varieties of recent introduction, that are great improvements upon the old common oat, black or white. The hullless oat is good for milling; the black Russian can be sown in fall; the White Russian, Welcome, Pringle's Excelsior, Challenge, Black Tartarian, Washington and Prohstler are all meritorious. The oat crop to attain its best should be sown very early. The grain will not stand great heat and drought. The ground, where at all possible, should be prepared in the fall and early winter, and the seed sown early in the spring.

At this season of the year it is necessary that poultry should be fed vegetables at least thrice each week. Cabbage forms the best diet, but if too expensive or difficult to obtain, a good substitute will be found in mangolds, turnips, or even sliced potatoes. Care should be taken during the winter to see that this description of food is not frozen. Many careless keepers of poultry will look into the coop, and seeing the vegetables lying around, will say, oh, they have plenty of green food; no use giving them any more, whereas very little trouble would tell them that the roots are perhaps frozen as hard as stones. Give a little and often; removing the old, before feeding fresh.

Considerable interest was manifested at a recent convention, says the New York Tribune, in the management of a creamery at Waterville, N. Y., in which the cream from 1,000 cows, owned by sixty different patrons, is collected and each patron's cream churned by itself, and the butter product of each weighed, graded and paid for according to quantity and quality, or returned to the producer at his option, if not satisfied with the grading, with a small charge added for manufacturing and all the work, including gathering the cream, being done without difficulty by one man and his wife.

It is poor time to sell sheep or goat out of business when thousands upon thousands of sheep are being frozen and starved to death in the far west, and when an unusual number is being slaughtered at all leading markets. Farmers may rest assured that it is low tide in sheep husbandry, and now is the time to take advantage of the rising tide which is sure to follow.

Improved stock has a fascination and substantial profit that is popularizing it all over the enterprising west. It is attracting the capitalists and business men from the city. It is giving a new interest to farming and to farmers' sons. Improved stock keeps the boys on the farm and makes good business farmers out of them.

If your apples, turnips, onions or beets are frozen it will not necessarily destroy them, provided they are not thawed too suddenly. If placed where they will gradually thaw, care being taken not to disturb them, they will be but little injured, provided they are afterwards kept in a cool place.

There is a great difference in value between a carrot that runs down into the soil a foot and a half to two feet in a nearly true taper, and one that puts the same weight into the first six or ten inches and then suddenly shrinks to a fine root that breaks as easily as cotton thread.

Oats have been hitherto but too much of a secondary crop, planted to eke out a shortness in corn. In feeding it will be found highly economical, as well as healthful to cut the oats and straw together, mix with cottonseed meal or shipstuf, not forgetting salt.

Some one said: "Show me a country in which much attention is given to sheep and I will show you a prosperous country." And it is even so. Systematic sheep husbandry persevered in means solid wealth to the individual and to the state.

A writer says that he has found that it requires as much food to bring one turkey to maturity, when the bird is confined to one yard, as to make forty pounds of pork. We should think that would depend on the size of the turkey, somewhat.

No fixed quantity of cream can be depended upon for yielding a certain amount of butter. Cream varies according to the weather and feed. Sometimes it yields less butter than at other times, falling below one week and yielding more the next.

By giving cows water at a temperature of 66° a yield of milk one-third greater was obtained, according to experiments made at the Agricultural College, St. Remy, France.

Prof. Stockbridge says that the average growth of wood on any acre of land between New England and the Potomac, is a cord and a half a year for thirty years after it is once cut over.

Chip dirt from the side of the wood pile and old ashes are recommended as one of the best possible dressings to put around fruit trees.

A much larger area will be devoted to sorghum growing this year than formerly.

A barrel of apples will make about ten gallons of cider.

—sassafras poles for roo. —ent lice. it is said.

**A School the Boys Like.**

There is said to be a school in North Stonington, Conn., to which the boys come bringing sleds and their double-barreled shotguns. Some take seats by the windows, so they can watch for crows, while others stand guard at the entry door. As soon as the birds alight at a stock yard near the school the boys blaze away at them, and then run out and pick up the dead and wounded. The school-master looks on, with his hands on his hips, shaking with laughter, to see the sport. As the boys return to their seats, shouting and hurrahing, the master says: "Load up your guns, boys," and now attend to your spelling for a while."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

When the new roads in the Yellowstone valley are completed, the tourist can then make a circuit of 110 miles in comfortable coaches running on good roads, with new glimpses of scenery the whole distance.

**PASSING EVENTS.**

neaville, Cal., has a seventy-five-pound bock.

A skillet full of old Spanish coins was dug up Monday, near the entrance to Harvard college, Cambridge.

There is a bed of clay in Greene county, Alabama, which is said to possess valuable medicinal properties.

Dressmakers' rooms are now got up in a high style of art and called "ateliers." The customers pay handsomely for the luxury.

It is estimated that there have been almost as many trees planted this season in the vicinity of Tucson, Arizona, as the total of the last six years.

Weddings can be had cheap in Georgia. Uncle Calvin, a Clarke county justice of the peace, only charges a plug of tobacco for marrying couples.

While eating its food a horse belonging to a citizen of Williamsburgh, N. Y., was bitten in the hip by a rat, and died from the effects of the wounds thus inflicted.

In Arizona any person who uses profane, indecent, vile, or abusive language, or threats, within the hearing of women and children, is held liable by law to fine or imprisonment.

Jupiter will be worth appreciating as an evening star this month, for he looks larger than he will for six years, because he is going away from the sun and will not return until 1892.

One hundred and forty thousand eucalyptus trees are being planted near Los Angeles, Cal.; for fuel. It is said that an acre of them after a lapse of four or five years will yield as much as an acre of grapes.

A buried graveyard exists near Medina, New Mexico. In 1862 the burial ground was hidden from sight by the sands; this year the capricious silica was lifted from its resting-place, exposing graves and tombstones that were covered more than twenty years ago.

Maine papers say that a Bath boarding mistress surprised one of her boarders, who was learning to play on the banjo, by reducing the price of his board, on the ground that his singing and playing had frightened away all the rats. The compliment has discouraged the young man so that he has given up practice.

The managers of the Franklin institute, in Philadelphia, have decided to hold during the fall of the present year an exhibition to be devoted, as their announcement declares, "to such recent inventions, improvements, and discoveries in the sciences, arts and manufactures as may be deemed worthy of the name, the place, and the occasion."

The election of the governor of Rhode Island is proclaimed by the sheriff from the balcony of the state house in Newport to the citizens assembled in the square below; evening bells are tolled throughout the state to announce the event, and there remain other vestiges of the ways of the old English settlers. Rhode Island is the only state in the union which makes the ownership of property a condition for voting.

A good story is told in *Zion's Herald* of a wedding in a Methodist church whereat a prominent divine who was to officiate, finding himself and congregation in the church considerably in advance of the bridal party, finally asked that some one should strike up a hymn to improve the time. A good brother started off just as the bridal party entered the church, with the hymn beginning:

—Come on, my partners in distress.

One secret of the decline of the southern cotton-mills, which *The New Orleans Picayune* admits and deplores, is that there was too great a "boom" in these enterprises. Those that were earliest in the field made heavy dividends, which induced others to crowd in, until the production of the coarser grades of goods, to which these mills are chiefly devoted, was pushed beyond the demands of the market.

A young doctor in Abbeville county, South Carolina, was called to treat a patient ill with pneumonia. He left a small vial of veratrum, to be taken internally, and a liniment composed of hartshorn, turpentine, and chloroform, to be applied externally. The next day he was gratified to find his patient better and able to sit up, but he complained of a terribly sore throat. On investigation he discovered that the patient had taken the liniment and rubbed with the veratrum.

Those desiring to check a tendency to obesity may now choose between four systems. 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar, or fat. 2. The German Banting, which allows fat, but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of dressing in woolen clothes and of sleeping between flannel blankets instead of cotton or linen sheets; and 4. the Schweninger system, which insists on an interval of two hours between eating and drinking.

Paul Howes, a Georgia drummer, while traveling in South Carolina, joined with a fellow drummer in buying a one-thousand-mile ticket. The conductor refused to allow but one of them to ride on the ticket, saying that while it could be issued to two or more parties, only one person could ride on it at one time, and Mr. Howard was put off to sue the road for damages, when the managers concluded they had better settle the matter, and paid him \$1,000 to drop the suit. The adventure proved a very profitable one for the drummer.

Somebody in writing of old trees says some have been found in Africa that are computed to be 5,150 years old, and a cypress in Mexico is believed to have reached a still greater age. The eypress of Santa Lucia del Tole, in the state of Oaxaca, is probably the oldest individual of any species on the globe. If estimates of tree ages are to be relied upon, the life of this venerable forest monarch may have spanned the whole period of written history. At last accounts it was still growing, and in 1851, when Humboldt saw it, it measured 42 feet in diameter, circumference, and 382 feet in height, the extremities of two branches.